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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf,  
Before we speak one kindly word,  
And only utter loving praise  
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid  
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place  
Within them roses sweet and rare,  
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are closed  
To light and love in death's deep trance  
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend  
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still  
To tell them all the love in ours,  
And give them such late need of praise,  
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's  
Sweet opportunities are past,  
And break our "alabaster box  
Of ointment" at the very last!

O! let us heed the living friend  
Who walks with us life's common way,  
And hunger for a word of praise!  
—Sel.

## STORY OF A CHASE.

There were dead leaves underfoot, but overhead the trees were crimson and russet gold. There were deep lanes under the trees, but beyond stretched open moorland, swelling to the horizon. The wind shook the trees with rustlings as of silk; with clamorous whispers and gasps, rising and falling, but never quite still. But it surged over the moor with the rush and swirl of surf, and then there were silences in sharp contrast, while the clouds drove overhead gathered and massed and trailed away leaving wide blue gaps. And from time to time there came a glint of sunlight to lie across the moors.

The day was typical of the time, for it was the second year of the civil war in England.

In the principal street of a small post town, at the door of its principal hostelry, a horse stood waiting, tossing its head fretfully at the rough caress of the wind, which whisked its mane to and fro, laying back its ears at the roar of the gale in them, fidgeting impatiently, sidling, starting, stamping—a brown mare, with a coat like satin, and limbs of satin and steel, with a head like a deer, and fine, full nostrils, quivering with eagerness and impatience. It was describing a circle round the man who was holding it, causing a wary falling back among a knot of spectators near the door, when a step sounded on the stair within, and the little earshot forward with a low whinny at the sight of the lad who cleared the last steps at a bound and came out into the wild autumn morning. A boy with a gay, handsome face, boyishly light-hearted, but holding in the curves of mouth and chin the promise of a determination and resourcefulness more than boyish; with bright blue eyes, keen behind their laughter; slim and of only just middle height, but lithe and wiry. He swept off his hat nodding lightly to the group outside. The mare began to sidle toward him at once, and taking the reins from the man holding her, he pulled the soft muzzle stretched out to him up to his face and kissed it, with a laugh. With his arm across her neck he turned and spoke to some one who had followed him out to the door of the hostelry—a tall, gray haired man.

"I'll do my best, sir."

The other answered him, with a kindly look in his eyes.

"For that, my lad, I'd give ye credit whate'er should befall."

The color came into the lad's face.

"Thank ye, colonel. I vow I will."

The other proceeded to give him some final instructions.

"And have a care of thyself, lad," he concluded, with a hand on the lad's shoulder, as he turned to re-enter the house. "There be just one or two we could better spare than thee."

"Thank ye," said the lad again, and he seemed about to repeat his former promise, but checked himself, but then, with a laugh and eyes full of mischief, quoted him self mockingly, "I'll do my best, colonel." The other shook his head laughingly, and took his departure. The boy looked round at the group in front of him.

"Just one or two here!" he said, nodding at them impudently. There was a playful unsheathing of rapiers. "Nay, nay, in the

face of the colonel's expressed command I cannot pleasure ye, fire eaters that ye are. Tilt ye at each other's inconsiderable throat and let out some of the bile that inspires ye." He sprang nimbly into the saddle and wheeled the mare. "Keep ye, gallants, in all humility till I return. Steady, there!" as the mare went up the street like an India rubber ball.

"Have a care for my valuable neck."

"Keep her to that, Nick, and I'll warrant ye safe from the Croppies' bullets at e'en five yards!" shouted one man after him.

"From aught but a broken neck," jeered another. The lad, turning in his saddle, called back:

"From envy and malice, Dick Lacy, the Lord deliver thee. Pluck up my heart, man. Didst not quite fall off the last time thy jade coughed? Nay, on the king's business I accept no cartels, but I'll ride a tilt with thee on my return, and thou shalt be tied into thy saddle an thou wilt."

"Sdeath, thou mayst be riding a tilt with thy sponsor and namesake, Old Nick, before then, an thou chance to fall foul of his darlings, the long eared rout, and fail to show them a clean pair of heels."

"Faith, he will be the better and thou the worse of a very notable lesson in the gentle art of equitation should it so fall. But I'd back the mare to show a clean pair of heels to Old Nick himself. So ye would do well to set to and practice thy horsemanship, Dick, Hey, Dick!" he pulled the mare almost on her haunches for a moment—"canst have my sorrel while I'm away. I would not have thee say but thou."

Dick Lacy had recently lost a horse in a brush with the enemy.

"And if Old Nick cannot wait longer for my company ye can keep it to practice on against the time we meet again. But the mare and I go to the devil together if it so be."

He disappeared in a cloud of dust, followed by ringing laughs and jeers of the knot by the door. He was well known and well liked. He and his mare had pulled more than one man out of a tight corner, and his high spirits and good nature made him a general favorite.

And so crimson and russet and gold came into the lane between the steep bank under the trees, came with a "cling" of iron shod hoofs, tramping the dead leaves underfoot and waking little whirrs and eddies among them, with a glitter of a steel and a steel-like gleam in blue eyes, which glanced hither and thither, under the trees, down the bypaths, into the open distance—gay blue eyes, with a challenge in them, as in the alertness of the boyish figure, in the hand which never strayed far from the holster, in the shortened reins, the nice touch on the brown mare's mouth, ready to stop her or let her dash into her full stride at a moment's notice.

He was humming a gay little tune under his breath, with a smile on his lips, when suddenly the tune broke off in a sharp indrawn breath, and in a lightning flash the young face changed, flaring into defiance. There was a rush of sound and air and motion. Dead leaves whirled in clouds under the iron shoes as the mare bounded forward under the spur. Dead leaves rose and scattered under other iron shoes. The ring of hoofs had its echo flung back from the other end of the lane, and the gleam of steel met the gleam of steel between the steep banks under the trees. But the lad on the mare was alone, while half a dozen Roundhead troopers filled the narrow track on the other side.

The discovery and the subsequent dash toward a common goal (the path which cut into the lane midway them) seemed almost simultaneous on both sides, but there was a second's hesitation, an involuntary check, a little inevitable jostling among the troopers' horses, and on the lad's part not a second lost. The mare gained the outlet first. The slope was in her favor, her own superior fleetness, too, and the lightness of her rider. But his bullet was only just in time as he swerved into the path leading on to the moors to intercept one from the foremost trooper, and a shower of bullets sang after him with high

buzzing drone as he turned. Half standing in his stirrups, he rode for the open country—rode for life and trust, with his teeth set, catching his breath, but with a flush on his cheek, and his blue eyes gleaming. He was such a boy—excitement and danger were the salt of life to him. Only the thought of the dispatches he bore sobered him with a sense of responsibility—brought a stern curve to his lips and a line between his brows at the sound and thrill of those thundering hoofs behind him. Fortunately the path was full of sharps curves, so that he was screened from his pursuers at a very short distance. He stood up easing the mare, and she went down the dip of the path with a burst which carried her far up the opposite rise on to the moor. He sat down in the saddle and steadied her then, and, riding slantwise up the crest, was able without losing ground to throw a glance back at the mouth of the path he had quitted. In moment he saw one trooper burst from it, closely followed by a second, and then after an interval by a third. He was over the crest and speeding down the opposite side before any more came into sight, but looking back as he came again on to higher ground he saw them all—three first and two behind—dotting the slope. He was within range of bullets, but he trusted to the pace to prevent them from using their weapons, or at least to impair their aim, and the pace was terrific. It roused a sense of wild exhilaration in him.

The rush of the wind made him catch his breath, and sang in his ears, with the hum of the troopers' hoofs, a wide, deep ditch in front of them, and toward this he shaped his course. The mare quickened her pace and took it with an effort, the bank crumbling under her hoofs. Behind him presently he heard a splash and the sound of struggling. His face broke into an irrepressible smile of boyish elation. He did not turn and wave his hat ironically, though he would have liked to, but he patted the little creature under him, exclaiming:

"Hey for King Charles! Bravo, my maiden!" His color rose jubilantly.

But when at the end of a few more moments he found time to review the situation, he wondered whether they had flung themselves on the pursuit of a chance "malignant," or had caught wind of his errand as the bearer of more or less important dispatches. A stern chase and a long one in the latter case! At the next opportunity he looked round again. They were riding in the same order, with a suggestion of dogged determination about them which was quick to recognize. He faced round in the saddle again with a dry little laugh, squaring his shoulders with something of their own suggestion of obstinacy, thrusting his feet home in the stirrups and narrowing his eyes against the wind which beat sharply in them, but they were bright and confident still, and he leaned forward with a pat to his mare and a light hearted word of encouragement as he settled himself in the saddle, throwing keen glances ahead.

Twenty minutes later, breaking from a copse, he saw the clustered roofs of a village in the dip below him and the white ribbon of the highway in front and behind the sweep of the moors, barren of figures for the moment, and his face expressed a resolution more than tinged with elation.

He turned on to the road as the foremost horseman loomed up against the sky line a mile and half away. But before he had gone a hundred yards the mare made a sudden stumble, and something rang sharply on the hard surface. She had cast a shoe!

He jumped down with an oath. The smithy lay a couple of hundred yards farther on, just above the village, and he led her there at a limping trot. The smith ran out with a readiness which seemed to suggest a grasp of the situation. He asked no questions, but took the bride out of his hand and set to work without delay. It only remained to the other to possess his soul in such patience as he

could command, which in truth was very little. Outwardly he was calm enough, though, as he stood beside the mare with his hand on her neck he stroked and patted the little creature as though it was she who could hardly force herself to stand still.

He who had faced far greater odds—with his back against a wall—undaunted, felt overwhelmingly helpless, felt like a trapped animal. He could not keep his eyes from the swelling uplands where the figures shifted in and out, but always nearer. Every minute dragged and yet flew.

It was with a rebound of spirits so great as to send his mood swinging back to almost reckless confidence that he sprang at last into the saddle and felt the mare take the bit in her teeth. All would go well now, though he could see the troopers' faces set and dogged, though he could catch the muffled drumming of the hoofs on the heath and grass, and the next moment their matchlocks cracked sharply and a couple of bullets actually grazed his cheek and the mare's quarter, making her bound forward. He went down the slope with a smile on his lips and a bold defiance in his eyes. All would go well now!

The slope, which was abrupt, hid him from them. He laughed scornfully when two more loud reports heralded the advent of more bullets, which flew high above his head.

"They are lavish of the powder, the knaves. Do they lose heart?" was his thought. And then—even as he flashed into the little village which the firing seemed to have drawn out of doors—with a sudden misgiving inspired by or confirmed by (both so nearly simultaneous that he could not have told which), an impression of certain figures who were not yokels, and the next moment by the sight of a group of horses ready bridle and saddled by a drinking trough.

"Is it a signal?"

He was prepared when an unfriendly hand made a snatch at his bridle. The butt of his pistol brooded down on the man's wrist freed him. The bullet was for the assailant who charged him with drawn sword, and the impetus of the gallop rolled over a third, and then the narrow street was left behind, and with his teeth clinched and the unconscious oath still ringing between them, with his breath coming unevenly, and one hand dyed red from a cut, he was out on the broad highway.

Behind the ring of hoofs dwindled suddenly, then broke out with a louder, fresher sound. A single horse followed him on the road. Behind it again there came the sudden check, the renewed fall of hoofs, and again and again. It had puzzled him at first, but he grasped its meaning in a moment. They were changing their horses leaving their tired cattle behind and resuming the chase on fresh animals. It turned the odds against him, he realized with a sickening heart, and then with a sudden fierce sense of injury and a freakish pity and concern, not for himself or even the failure of his mission, but for the game little mare. That she should have struggled so gallantly only to be beaten in the end by a flout of fate!

"A merry trick of the jade Fortune. But we'll fight it to the end, my sweetheart," he told her and even now he could not think of that as a foregone conclusion. She was going so well. The short rest had refreshed her, and the sound of the galloping hoofs behind excited her. His mood was illogically compounded of hope and defiance. Surely in the end luck would befriend him, but if not to the devil with it. He would conquer in spite of it.

None the less he felt a personal animus against his pursuers which had been wanting up to now—a sense of unfairness in the condition of the struggle. There was a harder set about his mouth, and the light in his eyes was fiercely resentful as well as determined.

He remembered with a certain savage satisfaction the loss he had inflicted on the troopers, and told himself there would be more bloodshed before he was taken, and in

the thought after awhile a dogged good humor came back to him.

Half an hour later he drew rein on the spur of a hill. The mare was breathing hard, and her coat was black with sweat. Underneath it the veins stood out like a network of ropes. She strained at the reins, stretching her neck and blowing through her nostrils. Her rider, standing in his stirrups, threw impatient glances over his shoulder and anxious ones ahead. Some four miles off a house stood boldly up above its clustered trees, and toward it his looks were directed. He had heard that it was occupied by a small troop of royalists, and now it held his best hope of safety. He shortened the reins after a moment or two and urged the mare forward. The blue eyes were stern now, and he rode with clinched teeth. He handled the pistols reflectively for a moment, looking over his shoulder, and then slipped them back into the holster, having satisfied himself that they were loaded and in working order. He broke into a gallop again on the level.

Two miles over moorland interspersed with low scrub and stony ground on a tired animal; but the troopers' heavy horses also were under the necessity of picking their way. The distance remained the same.

Then on a road, where the mare, grateful for the change, went a trifle more freely at first. But the fresher horses, breaking from the uneven ground, seized and held their greater advantage—a mile, with the distance lessening between them.

Then the tiny hamlet, overshadowed by the steep little street, up the steep little street, the mare beginning to roll in her stride, yet still struggling on across the village green, and there above the wall the old park trees were leaning, but there massive gates denied admittance to one who could not tarry to give credentials. Beyond them his quick desperate glance lit on a breach in the wall, showing that here, too, the war had come. It had been roughly repaired to be a certain height, but a desperate man on a good horse might just manage it. He at least must make the attempt.

He turned the mare at it, and for the first time in her life struck in the spurs mercilessly. She answered with a sob of distress, rose at it, caught her forefeet hard and turned over.

He had slipped his out of the stirrups and fell clear. He was up in a moment, but the mare lay still!

He stood beside her, stunned by this final failure, with tears of rage and despair in his eyes. At the gates the troopers were thundering, and then suddenly as they began to open, the memory of boyish triumphs in fleetness of foot came to his assistance. He must make his feet serve him now as they had never served him before. Turning from her he plunged into the labyrinth of trees to give himself a better chance with the horses, who would not turn so quickly and easily as he would. He had thrust his pistols into his belt. He held his naked sword in his hand. He was conscious as he ran of two figures dropping on to the grass behind him and of the horses sweeping the avenue to turn him if the others failed to turn him down or to stop him with a bullet. Stiff at first and shaken by the fall, he quickly warmed to the run and outdistanced the troopers.

After awhile he flung away the scabbard by the side. Then, the strain on his heart beginning to tell, he threw away his sword, reserving only the pistols.

Twisting among the trunks, bruising himself, tearing his face, hands, garments, he went on.

Once, catching his foot in a trailing creeper, he fell. He lunged on to his feet again, and headlong for the next few paces. Once, reeling suddenly, he clutched at a trunk and, leaning against it, fought for a little breath, while he waited for the nearest man to show himself to fire. He did not mean wait to see the effect of his shot, but broke into a run again.

He burst at last into the broad

sweep of the avenue, just below the house, firing wildly at any shadow in the trees, chiefly with the idea of arousing the attention of those within, of drawing them to meet him. Headlong, blindly wildly he ran, staggering at every step, reeling like a drunken man, still keeping his feet, he went on. Livid, with blue lines round his lips, and his eyes—those gay blue eyes—misty and bloodshot. He saw through all their mist and glaze a blurred vision of figures running to meet him, with a glint of arms in the sunlight, and was conscious of the troopers' horses flashing into the avenue. Still staggering, only mindful of the hoofs behind him of the broad stretch in front, of the feet that refused to carry him farther, he stumbled forward and flung the roll of dispatches as far as he could.

They fell just at the top of the flight of steps. He, with his hands at his breast, clutching at the balustrade, sank on his knees at the bottom.

On his knees on the last step—on his knees. Then, lower, slipping down till he lay huddled up against it, fighting for air in choking sobs. Fighting no longer for king, for loyalty, for honor—rifting into oblivion of all these things, of the hoofs that came slowly and confidently up the avenue, of the men who ran forward to pick up the dispatches, and received them with bewildered looks.

And before the foremost trooper had reached him, he had drifted beyond!

The horses stood still, with tired strainings at the reins loose on their necks at last, with the nostrils distended. One of them, stretching down to the ground, sniffed at the crumpled velvet and lace huddled so quietly there against the step; sniffed curiously round it, paused at a root of grass upspring in the ground beside it, pulled listlessly at the green blades and moved a little farther on.

The wind whispered through the trees with rustlings as of silk, but it stirred up the avenue over the figure with gathering sighs, over the figure all unwitting that it died in a supreme effort to fling its message at its master's enemies' feet. For garrisons change from day to day in war time, and it has changed to more than one to find enemies where they looked for friends.

And so Dick Lacy kept the sorrel.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

## Mexico's Sign Language.

GESTURES WITH A MEANING UNDERSTOOD BY EVERY TRIBE.

Mexico is a land of many tongues, but above the Indian dialects and Spanish there is a universal language—the language of signs. It is the most expressive of all—the Mexican eye and hand are eloquent members. It is capable of infinite variation. Its shadings and suggestions are beyond all translation. But there are certain gestures that have a fixed meaning, a significance well understood by every nation and every tribe from Guatemala to Texas.

A general upward movement of the body, shoulders shrugged, eyebrows raised, lips pouted and palms outspread, varies in meaning from "I don't know and I don't care" to a most respectful, "Really, Sir, I do not understand you."

The index finger moved rapidly from right to left generally before the face means "No more" or simply "No." To move the right hand outward from the body toward another person means "Just wait; I'll be even with you yet."

The index finger on the temple moved with a boring twist means "He's drunk."

The right hand held to the lips, three fingers doubled, thumb and little finger erect, varies from "He drinks" to "Have one with me."

To move the open hand over the cheek in imitation of a razor has reference to the idiom "playing the barber" and means "to flatter."

All four fingers and thumb held point together and moved toward the mouth means "to eat."

The right hand held before the face, the two middle fingers moving rapidly, is a familiar salutation.—*"Modern Mexico."*

## DIAMONDS.

"When in doubt as to the genuineness of a diamond," said a leading dealer in precious stones in New York to the writer recently, "there can be only one really reliable way by which the expert or the amateur judge can determine the quality of the article, and that is to test its hardness by holding it against a rapidly revolving grinding stone from five to ten minutes. Then if the least mark appears upon the diamond it is not a real stone, for if it were a diamond, so far from any mark being produced upon it, it would be likely on the other hand to make a deep impression on the grindstone. The same test may also be made with emery paper, or on an emery wheel, neither of which, although harder than a grindstone, will make any impression upon a genuine diamond."

"This is a good thing for one to remember in these days of manufactured diamonds. The paste article is now made with such care that it sometimes tests the skill of the expert to distinguish the genuine from the bogus, but if the grindstone is brought into play there can be no room for doubt. Some people think that if they rub a stone against glass and it makes a deep impression it is a diamond. But nearly all paste diamonds will scratch glass, and the imitations of sapphires, rubies, and emeralds will do the same."

Just to illustrate how hard a diamond is, I will tell you a story of a piece of Brazilian bort. The stone had a radiated internal structure, and it was kept on a polishing wheel made of hard iron with a diameter of one foot for seven one-half hours a day for nine months. During that time the wheel turned at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 revolutions per minute, giving three feet of traveling surface to the stone. The total distance traversed 170,000 miles, or about seven times the circumference of the globe, but the result was the polishing of only about one square centimeter of the surface. With an ordinary diamond fully a hundred times as much would have been accomplished. So if the man wants to sell a real diamond and he knows what it is genuine, he will not be afraid to have it tested on a grindstone.—*Washington Star.*

## The Larynx.

The larynx has been compared to a wind, a reed and a stringed instrument. The comparison of it to a violin gave rise to the not very accurate phrase "vocal cords," as the name of the two cuneiforms which are its most prominent features. But no string so short as those "vocal cords" could produce a musical bass note. In fact, the comparison of the larynx to any instrument which produces only musical tones is inadequate, to begin with. There is no instrument but the larynx which produces both song and speech, and as those comparisons view the larynx merely as a producer of musical sounds we have no further concern with them at present. Besides, the voice can be trained for speech, elocution and oratory, without a knowledge of the physiology of the larynx.

We have the power of adjusting the larynx; of varying the tension of its cords, cushions or ligaments, as they have been variously called. We can do these things without scientific technical knowledge of how they are done, without any knowledge at all of vocal physiology, and it is the work of the trainer of the voice to teach his pupils—or her pupils we may be allowed to say—how to do them.—*Chambers's Journal*

Mrs. Dix—They say Mrs. Peck speaks four languages.

Mrs. Hix—Indeed! And how many does her husband speak?

Mrs. Dix—Oh, he doesn't dare to speak any when she is around.—*Et.*











# FANWOOD.

Youthful Impressions  
Find Expression.

LOOKING JUST THREE  
YEARS BACKWARD.

At the Wild West Show—Base-  
Ball Season Well Begun—  
Visitors of Note.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Monday, April 8th, 1895. The day's work had ended, study hour had come and gone. The rest of the pupils were in bed, except some seven Academic Class boys who were gathered around a table in the study room, chatting with a visitor—a graduate—and overhauling past sins and scenes in and around Fanwood. It was a dreary enough night outside, raining pitchforks and quadrupeds, and the air had that cerulean hue characteristic of Monday. At 10 o'clock the night supervisor came in to put out the lights. The visitor stepped outside into the drenching rain, muttering imprecations on the weather. The seven boys stepped off to bed, snuggled up in the warm blankets, turned over once or twice and in a few movements a heavy bass snore, with several others of varying tenor, announced that they were being rocked in the arms of Morpheus.

"Get up, the shops are on fire!" a couple of vigorous shakes and a red glare in the dormitory, sufficed to knock all the drowsiness out of the boys thus rudely disturbed from his slumbers.

He was on his feet with a bound, and with another was at a window peering towards the site of the trades school building. A long tongue of flame was leaping from a window in the tailor shop. In its glare the forms of a few men could be distinguished. An old man was sitting astride the window-sill on the top floor, where some of the workmen had their quarters. "Don't jump," was signalled to him by one of the male teachers, who was at the scene when the fire started. A ladder was run up and he was brought safely down. The rest of the men had all got out. They had made a rope of sheets and blankets knotted together, and four or five of them attempted to get down at the same time. The rope parted and they were precipitated to the ground more or less badly hurt. One of the men, a deaf-mute, seeing all escape out in this direction, coolly slid down the water pipe and reached the ground without a scratch. By this time the fire department arrived. First the hook and ladder, then the engine of Company 33. The firemen set to work with a will, but they made little progress and in spite of the rain, the fire gained rapid headway. The side facing the west, was ablaze from cellar to roof. The flames swept forward, and burst through the windows of the printing office, shoe shop, and carpenter shop. There they found plenty of food, and the whole building was soon in the hands of the Fire King. A window of the laundry and power house adjoining the trades school caught fire and the firemen turned their attention to that, keeping a stream of water playing on the side continually.

In the glare of the flames, the excited faces of the boys could be seen pressed close against the windows of their dormitories, till the heat of the fire made the window panes scorching hot, and the boys drew back a pace.

The lower floors in the burning building gave way, a shower of sparks flew up, there was a crash and the flames flared up with added fierceness, the big printing press had fallen through. Licking and leaping the flames coiled up to the roof, lapped around the old clock, lighting up its grimy face, and in a few minutes it was gone. The roof soon fell in, pulling down part of the walls with it, and all that was left of the trades school building was a seething, fiery mass. During the progress of the fire several engine companies from other districts had been summoned, and a squad of policeman from the 31st precinct were on hand, as it was first thought the Institution itself was on fire. When the fire was well under control, the policemen were withdrawn, the fire companies remaining till morning.

It was with difficulty the boys could be persuaded to go back to bed, and there was little sleep for the rest of the night. The clank, clank, clank, of the engine pumping water on the flames could be heard all through the night.

Gradually the flames subsided, leaving only glowing embers, save for an occasional outbreak here and there as the flames found new fuel. The cellar of the trades school had been used to store part of the coal supply, and the coal kept burning for nearly two days.

Morning dawned, a heavy fog shutting out the view. It soon cleared slightly. One of the lady supervisors called one of the girls and asked her if she saw anything unusual. She did not. "Where is the trades school?" was asked, pointing to the smoke that hung heavy above the ruins. "Gone." It was their first intimation of the fire.

The window shades of their dormitories had been drawn down to shut out the glare of the flames, and the girls had slept peacefully through all the turmoil of that eventful night. When the boys were let out doors after breakfast, there was a rush for the ruins, but they were kept back by the firemen. Part of the walls were left standing and these were pulled down. Refreshments were served to the firemen, who worn out with the night's work, were staggering about like drunken men. A stream of water was kept playing over the ruins. Towards the afternoon the firemen were withdrawn, only a few remaining to guard against a second outbreak.

The pupils, officers and teachers assembled in the chapel at about 10 o'clock, and Principal Carrier addressed them, touching upon the loss of the trades school, and remarking that he hoped to build a better one when the ruins had been cleared away. In the afternoon some of the boys were sent to the gymnasium, others were set to work cleaning up the grounds, as there could be no shop work for the time being. Through the courtesy of Rev. Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, the JOURNAL was printed at the office of the *New York Observer*, the best compositors being selected and sent down every morning, returning at night. This was continued till the necessary paraphernalia could be bought, when the JOURNAL was set up in the cottage hospital. Subsequently it was removed to the play house of the boys' kindergarten, and there it remained till the new trades school was ready. Probably the heaviest loser in the fire was Mr. Hodgson, the editor of the JOURNAL. Besides the mail lists, records, and valuable back numbers of the JOURNAL, he lost several valuable documents and private papers, and several hundred of his books "Facts, Anecdotes and Poetry about the Deaf and Dumb."

About a week or so after the fire, a gang of workmen were set to cleaning out the rubbish. Part of the cylinder of the big printing press could be seen above a pile of blackened ruins, twisted iron, charred beams, etc. When the opportunity offered itself, many of the boys secured relics in the shape of a few useless tools. Those of the carpenters secured hammer heads, chisels, saws, planes, etc., the shoemakers secured hammers, pliers, and lasts, but for the printers, relics were mighty scarce. The type had melted, a few composing sticks, bent and twisted, some found books, charred and soaked with water. A few charred papers and letters were found and turned over to Mr. Hodgson. One of the boys was lucky enough to find the little brass cannon that had for years occupied a place beneath the portrait of Washington, back of the editor's desk.

The feelings of the pupils were varied on the loss of the building. Many regretted it very much, particularly the printers, who had grown to love the old chapel, hallowed as it was by former comrades who had toiled hard in its walls, followed all its traditions, and when their time was up, had gone forth into the wide world, and proved to all how much they owed to the institution they received there.

A new building now stands on the site. In several respects it is superior to the old one, but the old JOURNAL compositor sighs a melancholy sigh, and would rather have the old office back again, than the grandest modern office money could ever build.

The little brass cannon, picked up in the ruins, stands on the top of the editor's new roll-top desk. It is all blackened with smoke and soot, and the red paint is off its wheels. It stands in pitiful loneliness, brooding on the past glories of Fanwood in the dawn of this brighter era.

In charge of Prof. Thomas Fox, several members of the Academic Class attended Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, last Friday afternoon. Those making up the party were: Misses Lydia Smith, Gertrude Turner, Alice Judge, Katie and Sarah Elsworth, Daisy Peck, and Messrs. William Renner, Emil Mayer and John Keiser. Prof. Fox's son, Laddie, was also one of the party, and probably enjoyed the show more than the others.

When the weather permits, the boys remain outdoors after supper, till study time. Days growing longer, nights growing shorter, heigh ho! for summer.

The base-ball club received new caps and stockings some time ago. The caps are university style, royal blue color, with the initials F. A. A. worked in silk thread, old gold color. Blue and old gold striped stockings, the blue being a shade darker than the caps. The Bailey grounds are receiving some atten-

tion from the boys who are trying to fill in the large excavation near center-field, but their efforts have not met with much success. About a dozen wagon loads of earth would be required to put that part of the ground in condition for base-ball. Saturday the team had a practice game with the "scrubs." Below is printed the schedule prepared by Manager Fox.

THE SCHEDULE.

April 8.	General Practice, at Fanwood.
15.	College of New York, at Fanwood.
17.	New York University, at Ohio Field.
19.	Trinity School, at Fanwood.
22.	Riverview Military Academy, at Poughkeepsie.
29.	Blair Hall Academy, at Blairs-town, N. J.
May 6.	St. John's College, at Fanwood.
13.	Open.
20.	Betts Academy, at Stamford, Conn.
27.	Peekskill Military Academy, at Peekskill.
June 3.	Open.
10.	Open.

At the meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening, the following programme was rendered:

Reading—"The Friend of the Animals," Miss Daisy Peck; Declaration—"To Their Memory," Miss Carrie Van Valkenberg; Reading—"Clara Barton," Miss Florence Mason; Debate—"Was the Navy more useful than the Army in the late war with Spain?" Affirmative—Messrs. Hunter and Donald. Negative—Messrs. Elsworth and Powell. The judges were Miss Alice Judge, Eli Ellis and John H. Keiser. The decision was awarded the affirmative side. Reading—"A Tennessee Wolf," Miss Sarah Elsworth; Reading—"Polar Expeditions," Miss Lillian Dornblut. The program was very well rendered, and Prof. Fox, who presided at the meeting, was very much pleased with it.

Two pigeons who had made their home somewhere around Fanwood, flew into the chapel Saturday morning. Several boys went in to drive the pigeons out. They raised a rumpus and lot of dust. After working nearly all morning and part of the afternoon, one of the birds was caught and handed over to Mr. Klein to take home, till the other one could be captured. Major Van Tassel peppered at it with an air gun, but failed to do any execution save to the walls of the chapel. Sunday morning, Fred Bachman caught the other pigeon, and a boy was sent down with it to Mr. Klein, for it was thought the bird would be lonesome without its mate. As it is now, the bird will have to continue lonesome, for when the boy arrived at Mr. Klein's residence, he found the worthy tailor just snacking his lips over a breakfast of pigeon pie. Doubtless the other pigeon will share a similar fate.

Battalion drill has been resumed from 8 to 9 every morning. Battalion parade and review every Sunday afternoon when the weather permits. Company D has been assigned a position on the left of the battalion. This makes four companies.

Miss Mabel Adams, a teacher at the Horace Mann Day School for the Deaf, on a tour of inspection through various schools, for the deaf in different States, stopped at Fanwood, Sunday. In the afternoon she gave a very interesting account of her visit to the schools for the deaf at Washington, D. C., and Mt. Airy, Pa. She delivered her remarks orally, Principal Carrier interpreting for the benefit of the pupils. After chapel she witnessed battalion parade and review of the cadets; and was delighted with it. Monday morning Principal Carrier conducted her through the various classrooms, also the trades schools, greenhouses, and male kindergarten department.

Monday afternoon, a practice game of baseball was played between the Fanwoods and the Barnard School team. Below we append the score:

FANWOOD.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Capt. Rappolt, cf.	4	3	2	0	0	0
J. A. Elstein, lf.	4	2	2	0	0	0
H. Muench, ss.	4	4	2	1	2	1
F. Bachman, rf.	4	3	2	0	0	0
J. J. Dyer, 2b.	4	4	3	1	0	2
T. G. Cook, lb.	4	0	2	5	0	0
G. Duane, 3b.	4	1	3	1	0	1
W. Brown, c.	4	1	1	4	1	2
T. Orman, p.	4	3	0	0	1	0
Totals	36	21	16	12	4	6
BARNARD.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
V. Earle, p. & c.	3	3	1	1	4	1
Fetscher, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0	0
E. Benjamin, c. & p.	3	0	0	2	1	1
A. Griffiths, lf.	2	1	1	4	0	3
F. Benjamin, lf. & 3b.	3	1	0	1	0	2
Hyatt, ss.	2	0	0	1	0	1
Droste, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	2
Rothschild, cf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Allen, 3b. & lf.	2	1	0	0	0	1
W. Earle	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	22	5	4	9	5	11
* Batted in Droste's place.						
Innings	1	2	3	4		
Barnard	0	1	2	2-5		
Fanwood	12	4	5	x-21		

Earned Runs—Fanwood 10. Left on Base—Barnard 5; Fanwood 6. Base on Balls—V. Earle 2; E. Benjamin 2; and Orman 2. Struck out by Orman 4. Two-base hits—V. Earle; E. Rappolt and F. Bachman 2. Three-base hit—S. J. Dyer. Time of game one hour. Umpire—Miller of N. Y. City. Scorer—H. Heird.

George Duane recently purchased a cyclone camera, and bids fair to become a camera fiend. Of late the photography craze has died out at Fanwood, Herman Heirdt being the

sole survivor, but it may develop again along with Duane's pictures. J. H. K.

## MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA.

Mr. Will Canode, formerly of Benton Harbor, Mich., has secured a job at tailoring in South Bend, and may decide to remain there permanently. Mrs. Canode recently joined her husband there, having been at Nappanee visiting her parents.

Mrs. Will Garwood, of Westville, is visiting relatives and friends at South Bend and Mishawaka. "Walter Arthur" is the name of a little stranger that arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Pischke, at South Bend, February 10th. Weight, 11 pounds.

The many friends of Miss Lou McCormick, of Hobart, Ind., were greatly surprised to learn that she was, on March 29th, united in marriage to Mr. Henry Freeman, of Chicago. Rev. P. J. Hasenstab performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. The bride was attired in a grey traveling dress. The couple left immediately for Chicago, and are housekeeping in a flat at 650 Milwaukee Avenue.

Mr. Freeman is a hearing man, but well versed in the sign-language, his parents being deaf-mutes. He is employed as fireman on the railroad. Mrs. Freeman is a bright vivacious young lady, and has always been popular in society circles at Hobart and elsewhere. We extend our best wishes for health, wealth and happiness in their new life.

Miss Daisy Hostetter went to Laporte, March 31st, and remained until Tuesday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Whitmore. She reports a delightful time. Mrs. Whitmore's many friends will be pleased to learn that she is quite strong again and still continues to improve in health.

Mr. Wm. Smith, of Laporte, has returned to his old home, South Bend, to work. Laporte does not seem to agree with him.

Mr. Will C. Swink has gone into the photograph business at Indianapolis. During his time at the Indiana School, he was considered one of the best pupils in the art department, and did some excellent work at photograph enlarging in crayon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Heinold, of Chicago, spent Easter with relatives at Laporte.

Mr. Alex. Fredenburg, a deaf-mute, of New Carlisle, is in jail at Laporte, on a charge of shooting at a hearing man, with intent to kill. We have not yet been acquainted with the full particulars. This is not the first scrape Mr. Fredenburg has been in.

A young man, giving his name as James Flannigan and hailing from Minnesota, has been going through northern Indiana, soliciting aid from the deaf he met in the various places. He was last seen in Michigan City. Mr. Whitmore, of Laporte, would give a great deal to lay his hand on the fellow just now, as he has a big score to settle with him.

Mrs. Whitmore, of Laporte, will soon go to Mishawaka on an extended visit to her grandmother.

The South Bend Mission met with Mr. and Mrs. Asbury Arnot, at 1014 S. LaFayette Street, March 31. Rev. Hasenstab was entertained by the Arnots over night.

The Laporte Mission met at the M. E. Church, April 1st, from two to four P.M. Twelve deaf persons were present, and the service was especially appropriate for Easter, the text being from Romans 4:25—"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." The usual prayers and hymns were rendered, and the next service announced for April 29th. Mrs. Will Garwood was received into the church on probation. The meeting was unusually impressive, and on this beautiful Easter tide, as we read with renewed interest the old yet ever new story of our Savior's death and resurrection, and remember, too, that it is the beginning of the happy springtime when new life is being infused by the Divine hand into the world of nature, shall we not also renew our faith and allegiance in a risen Lord and rejoice that for us all truly.

"Christ is risen, indeed!" Remembering that for us was endured that heartbreaking scene in far away Gethsemane;—for us was the veil of the distant temple rent asunder without hands, and,——"it was finished,"—our redemption. Then instead of wasting our lives in the vain chase of phantoms that "lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind," let us turn our yearning hearts to Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

The evening shadows close around us, as we sit communing alone in the twilight, with the still small voice within us, and there comes back to us like a sweet refrain that beautiful hymn which commemorates this sacred day:—

"Christ, the Lord is risen to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say,  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heaven,—and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won;

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Soar we now where Christ hath led,  
Follow our exalted Head;  
Made like him, like him we rise;  
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

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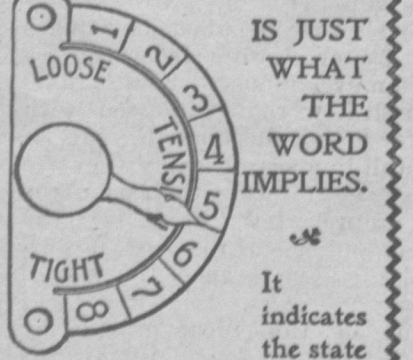
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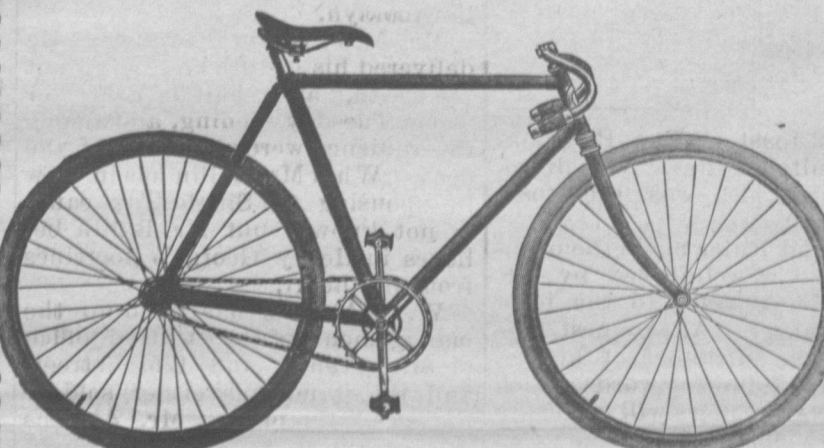
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